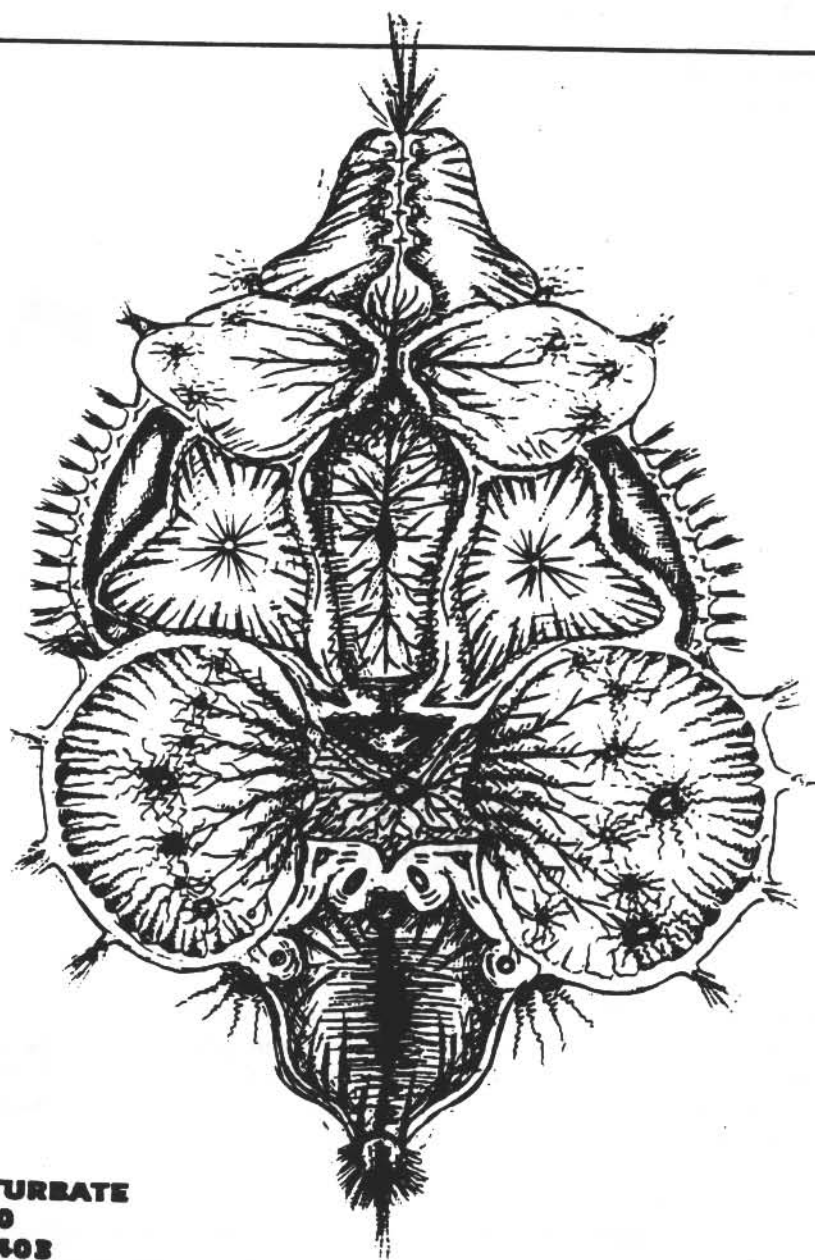


W O M Y N W H O M A S T U R B A T E

SPRING 1994

ISSUE 5



WOMYN WHO MASTURBATE
PO BOX 3690
MPLS, MN 55408

April 1994

Letter From the Editors:

It has come, at last. Spring has sprung and the long awaited issue number 5 of wwm has awoke from hibernation. The publication has lagged along with the folk responsible for its production over the long winter here in the heartland. There has been some personel changes; the founding mothers of the mag have retired for other interesting endeavours. But thanks to the collective philosophy on which it was founded, the babe is still under the care of nurturing hands.

With an excavated computer at hand, we, the new collective (the furies-Cristina, Theresa and Wendy), are prepared to guide it along the rocky paths of independent, sometimes deviant, publishing world. Throughout the lengthy transitional period, we have received a steady flow of mail from all over the globe--far away as Nigeria. Thank you to all who have sents letters of interest and enquiry. We especially appreciate the donation checks from the generous souls.

One bright, warm, momment during the dismal winter was the successful benefit we had at First Avenue back in February. Siscera, Glitter Glue, Lefty Lucy and Bean Girl kindly donated their talent and time to our humble publication. Thanks again to all the bands who played that night. Needless to say, without the help from the staff at First Avenue--Paul and Steve--our event would not have been possible. It is truly awesome to be a part of a supportive community here in Minneapolis.

On that note, we are planning the next benefit soon after the distribution of this issue--sometime in June. Punk Rock is good, but we need to expand our horizons; so it will include film and video work by local artists, dance and performance and of course music, ranging from Punk Rock to Country and Western and maybe something in between. Keep your eyes peeled for information regarding this mother of all benefits.

Please tell us what you think about this issue. The format and the tone has changed, obviously due to the change in the editorial staff. And as always, we could not continue without **your** participation. Our address is still the same: **Womyn Who Masturbate, P.O. Box 3690, Minneapolis, Mn 55403.** Feel free to complain, praise and donate your time and money.

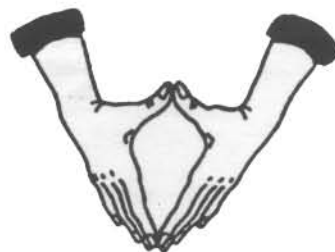
***WWM is published by Womyn Who Masturbate Publications. Subscriptions: One dollar per issue, back issues are available for the same price. This issue was edited by Theresa Kimm and Cristina Una, with the help of many friends.**

Special thanks to Josh (Hermenaut and the Utne Reader) and Julian (Baby Split Bowling News) for showing us the ropes in this mad, mad world of zine publishing. Thank you all for your patience.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

WWM IS NOT-FOR-PROFIT PUBLICATION PROVIDING A CREATIVE SPACE FOR WRITERS, POETS, & ARTISTS TO DISPLAY THEIR TALENTS AND OPINIONS REGARDING SEXUALITY, HOWEVER IT IS DEFINED AND PRACTICED.

SUBMISSIONS ARE COLLECTIVELY REVIEWED AND SELECTED FOR PUBLICATION. ANY EDITING IS DONE FOR SPATIAL OR GRAMMATICAL REASONS. THE BELIEFS AND OPINIONS WITHIN ARE OF THE INDIVIDUAL AUTHOR OR ARTIST AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF THE WWM COLLECTIVE.



When you wine and dine
and sixty-nine
you expect to tine
the pink divine.

M. Dreyfus

The Lost Jewel

*I held a jewel in my fingers
And went to sleep.
The day was warm, and winds were prosy;
I said: "I will keep."*

*I woke and chid my honest fingers,—
The gem was gone;
And now an amethyst remembrance
Is all I own.*

—Emily Dickenson, 1861

Toxins Within; Toxins Without

Did you know that feminine products made in the U.S.A. are made and bleached with dioxins? That's right. Chlorine compounds-which contain dioxin, the killer chemical in Agent Orange-are used in the manufacture of highly absorbent rayon, a chief component of tampons and pads. Chlorines are also used to bleach tampons and sanitary napkins to a "virginal" white.

In the absence of any marketing data, the commercial makers of feminine hygiene products believe that American women won't buy undyed tampons, which are naturally brown in color, the American female, they claim, wants a "purified" product. Tampons and napkins, however, are NOT pure, NOT sterile-and all dioxins in the world will not make them so.

Dioxins have grave and demonstrable health risks. Such health concerns prompted the FDA to order milk-carton producers to cease bleaching their products with chlorine-yet they won't ask the same of

tampon manufacturers. Maintaining the illusion of sterility in feminine products also endangers the health of the planet. Three of the top 500 polluters in America are rayon mills. Cotton itself is produced with intense pesticide use.

Feminine products may contain, in addition to dioxins, other harmful ingredients. We can't know for sure, since manufacturers are not compelled by law to list ingredients. Their legal reticence is particularly disturbing in light of a 1981 FDA study, which demonstrated that "surfactants (chemical substances that enhance wetting), bactericides, fungicides, various alcohols and acids, and elements such as magnesium with boron could leach from tampons." (1)

With these uncertainties in mind, consider that an average woman will use 15,000 tampons in her lifetime-many of which will be inserted with non-biodegradable plastic applicators. The risks-known and suspected-to the health of women and of the environment are appalling. They are also unnecessary.

WHAT YOU CAN DO:

1. Find Alternatives!!!

*Natural sea sponges. I use a 2 1/2" diameter natural sea sponge, which I cut to size, as a menstrual fluid absorber, it's sufficient for my medium-to-heavy flow. My gynecologist recommended that I soak it in alcohol 24 hours before use, then again for 24 hours after a period ends; this has kept the sponge sufficiently sterile for the six months that I have used it. I rinse it out every few hours and reinsert it until my period is over. I find it an ideal solution: the sponge is very soft and comfortable, and it's reusable and therefore ecologically recommended.

*Washable linen pads. A women's health activist I know chooses this method. The pads may take some getting used to, but are softer than paper products. They are available at many health food stores.

*Non-bleached products. Today's Choice sanitary pads, for example, are available at health food stores.

*The Keeper. A cervical-cap-like cup made of gum rubber. Available mail-order from Box 20023, Cincinnati OH 45220.

2. Pressure Manufacturers!!

The intrepid women of England pressured their feminine product makers to use an alternative bleaching method. WEN (the Women's Environmental Network) achieved this in a few weeks through publishing The Sanitary Protection Scandal, and organizing a letter-writing blitz. In Canada and Australia, women are also demanding non-toxic products for women.

We can do the same here. Write to Tampax, Stayfree, et. al. Demand safe products. Call them up and tell them to STOP USING DIOXINS. Demand the same consideration shown milk-drinkers; we deserve no less.

(1) Linda Baker, "Killer Tampons: The Dangers of Feminine Hygiene." New York Perspectives, 11/27/92, p. 13.

*By Carmela, M. Federico. Reprinted from The Urban Herbalist © No. 9, July 1993.



A brief look at Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington; an Irish radical

Winter is the ultimate time for voyeurism--you can stare all you want when everyone is masked and bundled up. Change your coat every day and no one will ever recognize you in the street. At least that's the way it is here in the tundra. Last year, I spent the season in a rainy place on a more concentrated voyeurism of a more intimate sort. The parties I observed were still masked but only by time and omission. It's called research. Actually I was cataloguing the public and private papers of people and their colleagues, relatives, enemies, and correspondents. Every week day I'd get to the manuscript room at about 10; the best days were the ones when I was all alone in there. It's on the third floor above the Heraldic Museum and some offices, huge windows separated by pillars with bases of weirdly carved stone animals. They'd bring me the boxes on big flat bed dollies in elevators from some impossible basement. Big boxes full of everything meant for everyone to see. All of it by or related to Hanna and Francis Sheehy-Skeffington late of Dublin, Ireland. They were feminists, pacifists, socialists and vegetarians, and all this around ninety years ago in that most catholic of countries. There is one "ist" missing, one that subsumed and jostled all the other and eventually killed Francis. That's nationalist.

Irish history is defined by oppression: Vikings, Normans, the Catholic Church, and the colonialism of the United Kingdom. The fight for women's suffrage was concurrent with the fight for Irish independence from Britain. That the two were analogous was obvious to the feminists and outrageous to everyone else. The central issue of the women's movement at the time was obtaining the right to vote; the right to participate in government as the equal to a man symbolized social and intellectual equality as well. The opposition to this concept was vehement and violent, akin in emotional intensity to the debate over abortion today. The militant

suffragists both stirred and matched the ire of the opposition with campaigns of pointed vandalism. Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington and eight others were jailed in 1912 for smashing the windows of various government buildings after votes for women were left out of the Home Rule bill up for ratification. This bill was a plan for an Irish ruling body to still function under the wing of the British. Many women who did want the vote did not want it while still under any foreign rule, and others saw the pursuit of votes for women as divisive and detracting from the good of the whole. Worst of all was the basic resistance to the change that feminism represented, resistance from women as well as men to attaining equal social status for the female population. The fight was not just about obtaining civil rights, but making women in general realize they deserved and needed them. I am writing about a time when a woman would be mobbed on the street for the impudence to ride a BICYCLE. Doing justice to the subject in a small space is impossible.

I went through hundreds of pieces of correspondence, handbills, articles handwritten and printed, publications, clippings, photos, and all manner of ephemera people collect ranging in dates over almost a full century. Not having much time, I was unable to read every thing, and what I did ranged from innocuous to extremely depressing. Basically the Sheehy-Skeffington's loyalties and ideologies were constantly challenged by the conflicts of their time and the political climate. As inspiring as the memorabilia and the accounts of suffragette activism were, progress made was always overshadowed by nationalist concerns. The destruction of property in the name of votes for women conflicted with strict pacifism but could be excused since no humans were injured. The onset of WWI and the Easter Rising of 1916 pressed matters farther. The Rising was supposed to coincide with the arrival of a ship full of German munitions, since some militant Irish Nationalists supported the Kaiser's opposition to Britain

despite the fact that many Irishmen populated the British army. The ship was detained, but the revolt went on as planned. The insurgents took over the General Post Office in Dublin, and rioting and looting ensued. The Sheehy-Skeffington's pacifist convictions limited their roles in the armed rebellion so Hanna relayed messages and food while Francis organized a citizen's group to control the looting. Or rather, he was in the process of doing this when he was arrested by the English and shot without trial the following morning. The man who ordered the arrest and subsequent murder was insane, but it took Hanna untold pain, suffering, and time to have him brought to a modicum of justice--a court martial and time in a sanitarium. She refused the monetary compensation the English government repeatedly tried to force on her. The documents and condolences related to Francis' death were very difficult to look at. They radiated futility and despair. The transcripts from the court-martial were poster sized, in huge rolls; the testimony showed that the man responsible showed no remorse, or even understanding that his act had been wrong.

The perpetuation of sexism, prejudice, and blind violence is always characterized by such ignorance. It is the key to dehumanization, and dehumanization is what makes war work. This issue is also at the core of feminism; the desire of women to be treated with respect as social entities and individuals. What killed Francis was his status as an individual; he was well known to the British authorities as an agitator, and Bowen-Colthurst (the man who shot Francis) believed in his schizophrenia that he had the divine right to murder him for it.

In the years following Francis' death Hanna travelled the world speaking out about the terrors of British Imperialism and she was treated as a criminal for it. She had to censor and code letters to and from the U.S., where she lectured and met with President Wilson. She presented him with a petition form Cumann na Banaí, and Irish Woman's Nationalist organization, calling for an independent republic in which women would have equal rights. This document had to be smuggled out of Ireland. Repeatedly on returns from her travels Hanna was

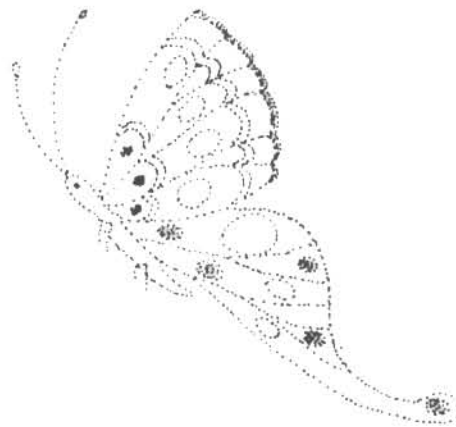
detained and even deported from her own country but she continued her political crusade for the rest of her life. In retrospect, she was successful; women have the vote and other civil rights, Ireland is an independent republic with a female president, though that's a figurehead position there. Unfortunately laws do little to change attitudes, and they are always subject to interpretation and molding, generally by men. As such the aspect of feminism that often hits closest to home is a question of identity, just as nationalism is. Hanna was never Irish first and a woman second, wife more than activist and writer, or mother more than her own person. Instead these parts were integrated into a whole so that each informed the others. Though she suffered from severe bouts of depression she was able to weather several jailings, hunger strikes, and other traumas on the strength of her convictions. It was inspiring to vulture through her papers, and I'm sorry not to include more personal details, like how Francis spoke from beyond in writing through the arm of a personal friend and medium. I saw those sheets and I believe it. The only book specifically about Hanna is Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington: Irish Feminist by Leah Levenson and Jerry H. Natterstad from Syracuse University Press. Hopefully I'll be able to do more work on the subject myself.

*Wendy Darst





Short Fiction: Millicent Butterfly



Her name was Millicent and she carried the aroma of chocolate with her everywhere. Millicent was fat--creamy folds of flesh hung beneath her jaw, cascading into her tent-like dress and down to her bloated ankles. Millicent was desperately lonely. She floated through the days at her office and the still nights at her apartment like a lost ship, dreaming about him. "Him" was Jeremy. Jeremy was Millicent's supervisor at work, he was tall, thin and dark, the antithesis of Millicent's pale bulky form. Oh, how she wanted him! His lips met hers in a million dreams; a million times he breathed her name in the dark of her bedroom-imagination. She believed that she would never taste his flesh.

She was wrong.

One sunny afternoon, as Millicent was typing a letter, the keyboard impact reverberating up and down her flabby arms, Jeremy stole into her cubicle. She began to turn around, but his firm hands on her shoulders stayed the motion. He leaned forward over her back, and into her ear he whispered, "I want you."

Millicent's heart trebled its rhythm as she slowly nodded. He couldn't speak, so she just smiled weakly as he obtained directions to her apartment and instructed her to expect him at nine o'clock. His departing footsteps echoed in her whistling mind.

Millicent flew home that evening to prepare herself for Jeremy. She scraped the globs of dried gravy off the sofa, she scrubbed the hardened Jell-O from the Kitchen floor, she scoured the last of the ancient Rocky Road off the end-table. When the apartment was flawless, Millicent stepped into the shower.

As she lifted each section of her bulk and bathed it, she discovered a pattern of odd bumps on her skin. No stranger to rashes, this passed unremarked. However, as Millicent scrubbed her back with the brush, she encountered two bony knobs on her back, a bit lower and closer together than her shoulder blades. With a puzzled frown she reached up to finger these new protrusions, but her arms would not reach. With a heavy sigh Millicent emerged from the shower into the hazy bathroom. The mirror was too foggy to see the

bumps on her back, so Millicent brushed them from her mind and began to dress.

The buzzer sounded at 8:54. As she lumbered to her intercom to admit her guest, Millicent noted two things -- the heavy pounding of her heart and the heightened tactile sensations she was experiencing. It was as though the warmth and wetness that radiated from between her massive thighs had spread to her entire body, making her more aware of the contact between her clothing and her skin. Even the faint breeze from the open window seemed to tickle her with wispy fingers.

The knock at the door roused Millicent from her reverie. She opened the door and Jeremy came in. Without a word, he gathered as much of her into his arms as he was able and breathed a greeting against her neck. When she began to ask him why, he silenced her with a deep, thrusting kiss. He pressed his slim form into her soft folds and motioned her towards the bedroom. She backed through the doorway, flipping on the light. As he joined her on the bed, he murmured, "So much skin!" He tenderly removed Millicent's clothing before unfastening his jeans and shirt. With an abrupt push, he forced open her folds and penetrated her. Jeremy began to thrust with hard, fast motions. He grunted as a light sweat broke out on his skin.

Millicent was elated, yet confused -- surely what Jeremy was doing to her was what she's fantasized about, dreamed about, lived on for months -- why did she feel more alone than ever? Suddenly, Millicent's eyes flew open in the darkened bedroom. The anger began to bloom in her huge bosom. She became disgusted by Jeremy's animal moans, sickened by the slime of his sweat against her pristine flesh. The rage grew and grew until finally she lifted one gigantic arm and flung Jeremy off her with one colossal gesture.

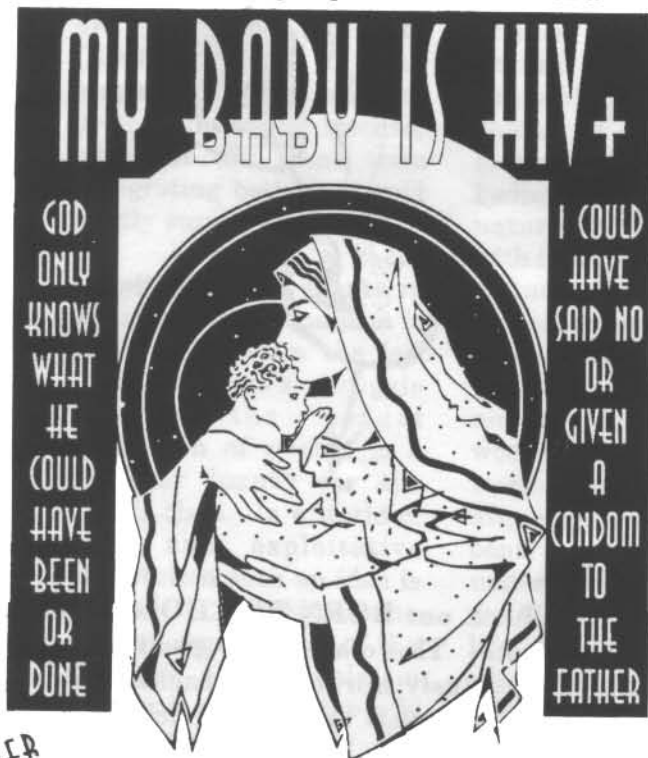


Dazed, he lay unblinking as Millicent maneuvered herself on top of him. She began to pump her legs in a squatting position, feeling the glide and poke of Jeremy inside her as she squashed him like a bug. Their breathing unified as Millicent's sped up with power and passion: Jeremy's with panic. Millicent gasped as she felt the bumps on her back suddenly tingle, then break through her skin and grow. The bumps on her flesh became more pronounced, then burst with the force of the emerging black, wiry hairs. The bumps on her back sprouted into antennae, then elongated into huge folds of wet material. As Millicent felt the orgasm surge through her body, the furred material extended in a brilliant display of color and texture. The insectile hairs now covered her body as the wings took final shape upon her back. With a

final shuddering cry, Millicent felt the resistance of the air under her wings. This cry was the last sound emitted from her mouth, which had now stretched and melted into a long, thin, curling proboscis. Her segmented eyes showed her that her body had at last become as she'd always dreamed -- long, impossibly thin. As her arms and legs began to shrivel and wither, Millicent tested the breeze with her filamented wings. As the last ripple of pleasure left her body, she gathered her strength, opened her wings, and flew off of Jeremy -- retaining his manhood between the vanishing stumps of her legs. His scream punctuated the tinkling of glass as Millicent burst through the window -- and fluttered away.



*Libby Norrie



OVER

10,000 INFANTS IN THE U.S.A. ARE HIV POSITIVE

SHAME

ON THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES
WHO DELIBERATELY CALLED AIDS
A GAY DISEASE AND GOD'S REVENGE
CAN THEY RESURRECT THE 200,000+ DEAD?



This anonymous art
was faxed to the workplace
of a WWM editor.

I have been with this image for a while now. A woman with the bare, unused wings of a chicken. Rather unnecessary appendages, these wings. They do little flying. They may lengthen the occasional leap, but pose no threat to the chicken wire. Escape is not possible. It makes me wonder if these wings were ever strong.

I have a image of a chicken's foot hung voodoo-style on the door of a cathedral, a mosque, a temple. it is a curse. It speaks of evil wishes and bad omens. But where is the threat in this symbol? Where is the potency? A bird with little wings, and now you call its feet evil?

Or merely 'pagan', as the univeral religions say. Is there a difference? Not according to scriptures. A pagan is uncivilized is unenlightened is irreligious is a heathen, (so says the Universal Dictionary). It is women who are the real curse, lest we forget Eve. Oh, there are rarest exceptions of virgin saint or ancient martyr, but most women are base and evil creatures, unable--unFIT--to preach the words of gods. In some parts of Greece, women must be spiritually cleansed forty-eight days after giving birth. Such a disgusting act is creation. Procreation. Muslims cover women from head to toe, trying to quell the evil their beauty provokes in men. The Buddha was born out of the side of his mother, never dirtied by her genitals. Women are bad luck chicken's feet. A stain on the church. A thing to be reckoned with. Someone, somewhere has recognized the potency.

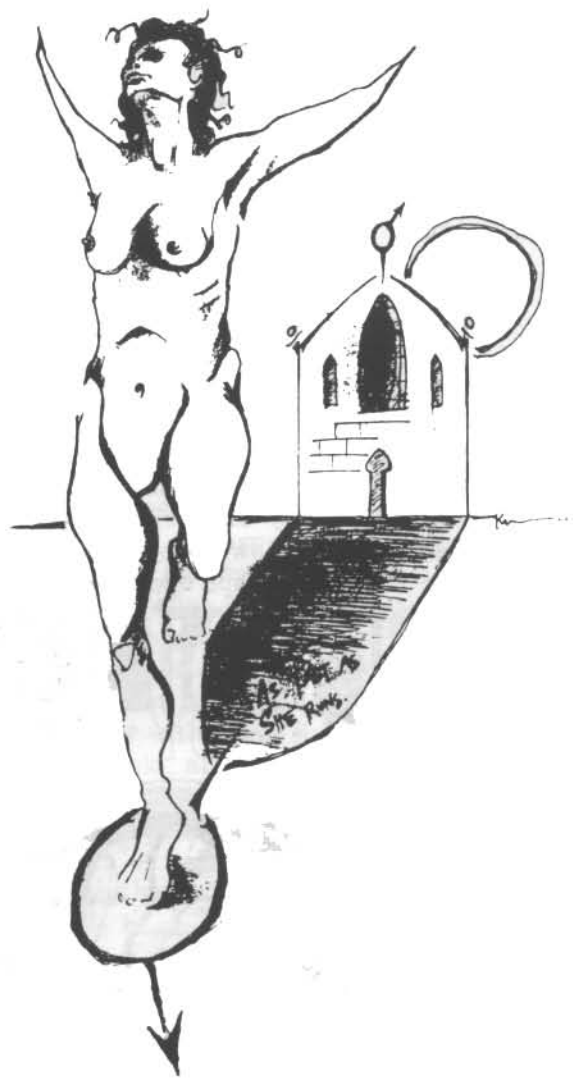
But chickens are common, really. They live practically everywhere. I ate one for dinner last night. With onions. I chewed around the little bones in the wings. Not much meat there. And I noticed that the feet were gone. Politely removed. Someone explained that these parts--the feet, as well as the beaks, the skulls, the tail perhaps--are ground up, mixed with a little grain, and used as chicken feed. For better nutrition. Someone, somewhere recognized the potency, and exploited it.

So, raised on the bad luck feet of their mothers--fattened on the parts unwanted are these unsuspecting cannibals; poor, hungry chicks. Blindly eating what is fed to them. All raised to serve the gluttony of mankind.

This last phrase lacks inclusive language, and that is fine for my purpose. Because you see, I am comparing WOMEN--kind to chickens. Not bitches. (Intelligent GirlS). Not cats. Not peach-fish. CHICKENS. Because they cluck and they scratch and they peck. They are excitable. They lay eggs, they have luscious drumsticks, they get plucked. They are explotied, cooped up, and most of all. . . they get fucked by cocks. And the last thing a cock wants to be called is "chicken". Unaware of the potency, I assume.

*Kara

SEND YOUR EROTIC DAYDREAMS,
RANTS AND TAUNTS TO:
WOMYN WHO MASTURBATE.
P.O. BOX 3690
MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55403



Check out **BORN TO CHOOSE**, available on Ryko. There are some great live and previously unreleased tracks from such varied artists as Sugar, Lucinda Williams, Soundgarden, and Tom Waits, amongst others. Proceeds go to organizations that cover both the political (National Abortion Rights Action League) and direct action (Women's Health Action Mobilization) fronts of the pro- choice movement. If you're feeling at all complacent now that we've got a "friend" in office, the packaging information and artwork will remind you that all's not well with wimmin's reproductive rights, and inspire you to do something about it.

"SEX AS USUAL?"



Of all the recent popular stories in the news about Feminism, the most depressing one is probably the tale that pits "puritan" feminists against "sex-pot" feminists. As if all political debates could be reduced to a question of prudes and sluts, magazines like *Esquire* have given women the choice of being humorless bitches (Andrea Dworkin) or brainless bimbos (Naomi Wolff). If men's magazines continue to prefer bimbos to bitches, while at the same time denigrating both, it should hardly surprise anyone.

However, a more startling turn of events in the news about feminism is the critique from the left that feminism's struggle against the sexual oppression of women is a frivolous luxury for the middle-class. In a world of rape and exploitative prostitution such an idea is absurd. However, the current construction of the dialogue about feminism and sex is such that the only "serious" solution to the problem of rape is learning how to "say no" - or in other words - to be good girls.

The "sex as luxury" argument automatically pits serious "no sex" political good girls against frivolous "sexual bohemian" bad girls - reinscribing sex as a natural and unchanging

state of affairs. "Sex: Love it or Leave it," they say, and feminists are punished for being serious about sex by being deprived of it forever. Writers like Katie Roiphe and Cammille Paglia are similar in that they establish sex as a given which sensible women should just enjoy "as is."

Both these positions completely undermine the very core of feminist politics. They establish as natural a definition of sex in which women who "have" it automatically give up all control of their bodies - inviting violent nature to "have it's way with them." Sex is thus still defined quite literally as the action by which women give themselves to men.

Pro-sex feminists do not just affirm the right of women to watch porn and wear bustieres, they also argue that being able to control when, how, and under what circumstances we have sex is matter of life and death. At a time when heterosexual women are the largest growing population with the HIV infection it is vital that feminists put sex at the heart of politics. If pro-sex feminists can help women to get men to use condoms, they will have struck a blow for women of all classes and races.

Finally, in the most practical organizing terms, the sex/no sex

polarity is a serious problem in feminism because it has alienated huge numbers of women from the feminist movement. Their defection provides feminists with a constant reminder, that, to paraphrase another great dissenter: "If I can't fuck I won't be part of your revolution." No political movement that renounces pleasure will ever be more than a vanguard party of the "privileged" few.

For these reasons, feminists must insist on redefining sex itself as a political project. It is important for us to remember that the choice between no sex and sex as usual is no choice at all.

*Rebecca Hill



ZINES



COMIXS, 'ZINES, QUARTERLIES, AND OTHER READINGS.....

write to addresses listed for more info! If you would like to have your publication listed, please contact us at W.W.M. Box 3690, Mpls, MN 55403.

Artpolice. "Magazine featuring artists' radical visions of sex and politics."

1611 Elliot Ave., Mpls, MN 55405-1621. \$5/3 issues, \$7.50 for libraries.

Autosexual Revolt. c/o Breaking Ranks P.O. Box 8694 Mpls, MN

55408-9998--send one dollar and receive a funky "Autosexual Revolt" sticker! If paying by check--please make it out to "Breaking Ranks Inc."

Beau. "Magazine covering safe sex between gay men." Medi-Media Publications, Box 470, Port Chester, NY 10573. 8/year. \$17.97.

Black Lace. "Quarterly literary/erotica magazine written by African-American lesbians." P.O. Box 83912, Los Angeles, CA 90083-0912. \$20.00.

Cinema Blue. "Reviews of X-rated videocassettes." Hudson Communications, Inc., 462 Broadway, Suite 4000, New York, NY 10013. 9/year. \$32.95.

Diseased Pariah News. "'Black' humor 'zine about AIDS." c/o Men's Support Center, P.O. Box 30564, Oakland, CA 94604. \$3/issue.

Femina. "The voice of feminine authority. A how-to-zine for dominatrixes." c/o Deering, P.O. Box 1873, Haverhill, MA 01831. \$5/issue.

Feministo. "The rabid feminist zine FEMINISTO is up and running." A feminist zine with a cutting sense of humour. Feministo: P.O. Box 52023, Minneapolis, Mn 55402.

Femme Distribution, Inc. "Vendor of woman-produced (Candida royalle) erotic films." 588 Broadway, Suite 1110, New York, NY 10012; 212-226-9330.

Glad Rag. "Magazine for transvestites, transsexuals, their partners, families and friends." Transvestite/Transsexual Support Group (UK), 2 French Pl. London, E1 6JB, England.

He-She Directory. "Devoted to the interest of transvestites, transsexuals, cross-dressers, female impersonators, and people who want to contact them." Continental Spectator, box 278, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013. Annual. \$11.

Hothead Palsan. "Minicomic featuring a 'radical homicidal lesbian terrorist.'" Giant Ass Publishing, P.O. Box 214, New Haven, CT 06502. \$3/issue.

Hurricane Alice. "A feminist quarterly." Produced at the University of Minnesota-Twin Cities. Hurricane Alice Foundation, Inc. 207 Lind Hall 207 Church Street S.E. Mpls, MN 55455. Subscriptions are \$12 per year, \$10 for students, low-income persons, and seniors. Canadian subscribers add \$5 for postage; other foreign subscribers add \$9. Welcomes contributions and sustaining subscriptions (add \$25 or more to regular subscription price. Libraries \$20.

Logomotive. "A magazine of sex and fun from a bisexual perspective." Title change in the works to: Slippery When Wet. P.O. Box 3101, Berkeley, CA 94703. \$20/4 issues.

Loving More. "Focuses on topics relating to group marriage." Paradise Educational Partnership, Box 6306, Captain Cook, HI 96704-6306. Quarterly. \$25.

Man Bag. "Artist produced sex-zine for 'horny comic-art lovers.'" Artpolice, 1611 Elliot Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55405-1621. \$2/issue.

Media Watch. "Newsletter produced by 'staunchly anti-censorship, pro-nudity, pro-sexuality' women concerned with 'improving women's images in the media.'" P.O. Box 618, Santa Cruz, CA 95061-0618. Quarterly. \$15-20.

Pandora. "A Periodical Informative by CAF, the Anarcho-Feminist Collective." Cx. Postal 117/Guarulhos, Sao Paulo Brazil 07111-970.

Primrose. "...essentially a zine published twice-yearly which deals with issues of gender and sexuality within the arts (...) this new zine is to promote that which may otherwise have been shunned upon or censored, the views of the editor are that of the readers." 41 Harcourt St. Shelton; Stoke, Staffs, England ST1 4NP.

R.A.W. "Revolutionary Anarchist Wimmin." P.O. Box 4309 Baltimore, MD 21223.

Real Girl. "The sex comik for all genders and orientations...by cartoonists who are good in bed." c/o Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115. \$3.45/Issues 1,4; \$2.95/Issues 2,3.

Sex and You. "Book answering 'intimate questions about sex and the human body that are too weird or disgusting to be dealt with by your average doctor.'" Mad Dog Productions, P.O. Box 2263, Pasadena, CA 91102. \$3.

Taggerzine. "Isle of Views: Interviews, innerviews, vistas & buena vistas." P. O. Box 63952, San Diego, CA 92163-2952. Dan sez: "Taggerzine is free wherever you find it. This is a labor of love; my gift to you. Enjoy!"

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**SEND US THE ADDRESS AND A SAMPLE OF YOUR
ZINE; WE'D LOVE TO REVIEW IT AND INCLUDE IT
IN OUR ZINE LIST. SEND ALL MAIL TO:
WOMYN WHO MASTURBATE
P.O. BOX 3690, MINNEAPOLIS MN. 55403.**

to the man with the baby iron teeth

if it offended you even
 slightly
that I let your
 soft-to-hard parts
 dawdle in isolation
it wasn't because I don't
 yearn to stretch their
 possibilities and
 widen their fleshy portal

if that offended you

if it gave rise to your un-
 certainty, and that un-
 certainty gave birth to your
 latent-to-eruptive
 self-protective sheen of
 raised-pinky
 Latexed
 vitriol

if the origin of the hinted-at
 multiple displeasures was
 my hooded fearful caution

then I saw two things

one I was holding back from
 many-time hurts, I held
 I bled silent
 I banked my fires, they were
 never tamed, never very far
put to the attic, to bed, to the
 storeroom chest, much
less even slightly dimmed

I cherished the chariness, knowing
 if once I trusted
 you would FLAME with their cargo
 the unlikely double and
 quadruple beasts of our
 joint imagination and
conflagrational scorch for each
 other, no matter you're not per-
 fect for me and I'm too much
for you to encompass, tamp down and
 heap clever but not clever-enough
 scorn on when it slides off
you're so often
dead wrong

 outside the couch or carpet or bed
but I ignore that,
 the rewards of your cruel lusting
 sneer and nonmirthful laugh reward me
in my replay time afterwards when
 all the slow incandescence
 can be rebuilt to
 shudder frame by frame anew
through
 groin-ruddy and lavawet

or

you're a tall slim small but
 neat and good-tasting
 buttocked
un cert ain rising
 water disseminating
 flecking sweetly preadolescent
shyness tuber

as well as a
 tight jerky
 noncollege-speckled
 not-yet-repaid with wisdom
 semi-long-lived
asshole

if the former, run right over
 attach one foot there,
 the other, in my mirrored lap

then insert often and
 more often frequent as your
 elbows and wrists can bear
your substance
malehood
hunger

if the latter, hit the lonely
 bloody,
 close the shutters, bro,
 I hardly knew ye, but
 what I did

is too much, aye,
 bugger off

hobo
Hoboken hobroken
sma' man

*Marion Dreyfus

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Loving More. "Focuses on topics relating to group marriage." Paradise Educational Partnership, Box 6306, Captain Cook, HI 96704-6306. Quarterly. \$25.

Man Bag. "Artist produced sex-zine for 'horny comic-art lovers.'" Artpolice, 1611 Elliot Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55405-1621. \$2/issue.

Media Watch. "Newsletter produced by 'staunchly anti-censorship, pro-nudity, pro-sexuality' women concerned with 'improving women's images in the media.'" P.O. Box 618, Santa Cruz, CA 95061-0618. Quarterly. \$15-20.

Pandora. "A Periodical Informative by CAF, the Anarcho-Feminist Collective." Cx. Postal 117/Guarulhos, Sao Paulo Brazil 07111-970.

Primrose. "...essentially a zine published twice-yearly which deals with issues of gender and sexuality within the arts (...) this new zine is to promote that which may otherwise have been shunned upon or censored, the views of the editor are that of the readers." 41 Harcourt St. Shelton; Stoke, Staffs, England ST1 4NP.

R.A.W. "Revolutionary Anarchist Wimmin." P.O. Box 4309 Baltimore, MD 21223.

Real Girl. "The sex comik for all genders and orientations...by cartoonists who are good in bed." c/o Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115. \$3.45/Issues 1,4; \$2.95/Issues 2,3.

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...Vern

but they do lack the respect they should get. These are people who deserve the same rights and privileges as everybody else. Human rights should be equally applied to everybody. You can't just point fingers at people who are not just like you, and say, "You aren't as good as me so you don't get the same rights that I do."

How is sexuality in the gender community being misunderstood? For example, we can't make assumptions about what other people do (sexually), we can't make assumptions about people's desire.

I was out with my friend Michelle who is a well known transsexual, as a matter of fact she was on the cover of the National Enquirer a few months ago. And well, I'm an active bisexual, and at that point I was dating a man and she said "You're a transsexual you are supposed to be dating women now" and I said "I'm not supposed to be dating anyone," who I date, who I sleep with is still pretty basically my choice. When I did this, I didn't sign up to sleep with only straight women, that wasn't in the contract.

I heard that forty percent of male to female transsexuals are lesbians and I was wondering about the percentage of female to males who were practicing gay men?

There was a show taped for Gerardo, on transsexual gays but they cut it they never showed it, it was too controversial. Nobody wants to talk about it especially the gay community. People want to be able to say "You're transsexuals so you must do this," and straight people especially think that transsexualism is just an extreme form of homosexuality. It makes everyone much more comfortable to believe this, it's a nice and tidy way to understand the world.

Have you gained male privilege as a female to male?

In that video by Johnny Armstrong, *Linda Les and Annie*, Les Nichols says he feels like a spy, and that's true. It is amazing the amount of respect you get as a

man. In my tenth grade auto shop class the mechanics would pull the men out onto the floor to show them the parts and explain what they were doing, whereas if you were a woman they would assume you were a complete twit. I'm twenty-six, this time last year I was "Miss", now it's "Sir". It didn't go from "Miss" to "Son" or "Ma'am" to "Sir" it went from "Miss" to "Sir".

That is a step up in terms of respect. All the F2Ms who I have met have been very attractive very virile guys, and I wonder how that masculinity is being invented, I see gay male codes influencing their style.

Last night I was at an overdressed activity, which was crawling with crossdressers and there was this meta-cross dressing there; genetic males who were transvestites who were dressing like women in men's clothing. Some people analyze it too much. People want there to be neat and tidiness and there isn't. Transsexuals make a big scrapheap out of everybody's neat and tidy life. If they can file us someplace they are happy but when they can't they are tormented.

You sleep with both men and women how does it happen?

Actually, I'm not sleeping with anybody lately because I don't do relationships very well.

Neither do I.

I just broke up with somebody really badly and have felt like a swine for weeks.

I wanted to talk about F2Ms who sleep with men, even if their preference may be for

women, and how man to man sexual experiences differ from other sexual experiences for you? What's the difference?

One of the big differences is the power relationship. Between men there is more of a power parity than there can ever be in any heterosexual relationship. As a woman I dated men who I was perfectly capable of beating to a pulp but there was no power parity, and

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